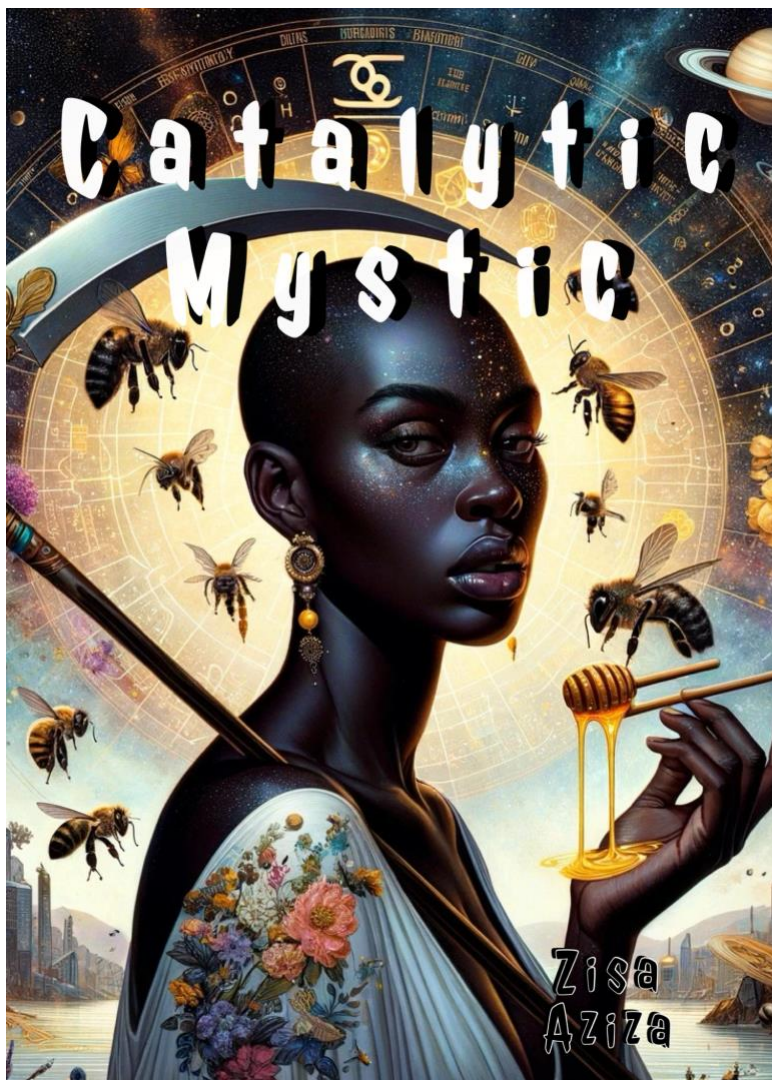
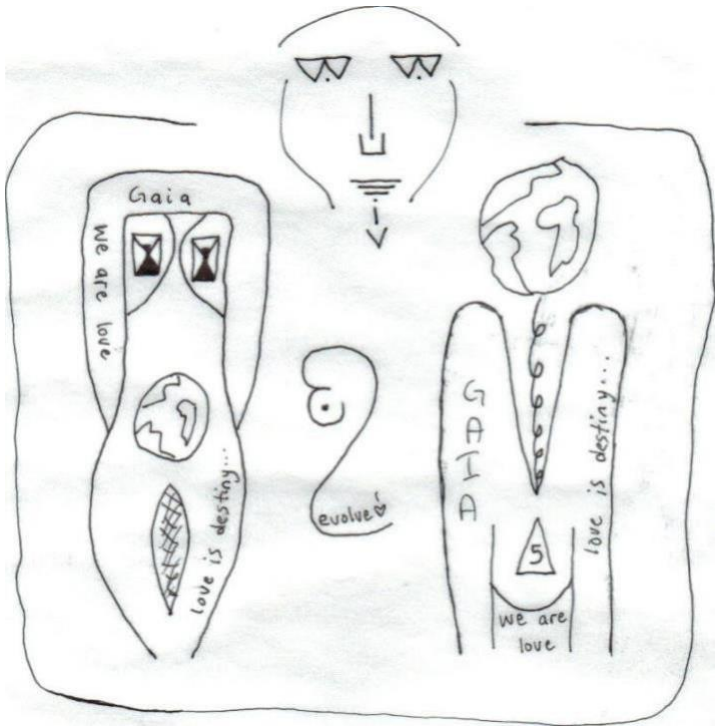




Zisa
Aziza

Catalytic Mystic



**I ain't slipping on my
ego or pride;
I got too much sense
to wreck this ride.**

Truth is my Compass, & Wisdom my Helm.

once you know, you cannot unknow. once you have
seen, you can never unsee. once you have allowed
yourself to feel, you are freed from silence;
for the submergence of one's truth only
births havoc within the self.

Zisa Aziza

Negress of Saturn's Deeds

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***“Evolution is an eclipse;
I place the apocalypse in my athanor
where I stoke the flames of destiny.”***

Berries and Basil

Your frequency determines your grade level,
Which informs your curriculum

The equality pretzel will leave you in a remedial class,
As you fail the celestial

Comprehension trumps accumulation;
I am on a mission to extricate my soul
from the plantation of reincarnation

***“I woke up in a cemetery, neither ghost
nor living; Where I write an obituary
that is evolutionary.”***

Optics

No longer easily impressed,
Barely speculative curiosity;

All I see are convolutions of liability.

***“While living in this data-farming society,
it would behoove me to be untamed and prone
to contrariety; therefore, I will bathe with
incendiary ashes because individuality
is a cattle sought to slaughter among
the herded masses.”***

Gray Friends

Even when our skin may touch
Each soul knows it must hush

There is a 6x6 foot fence
Between our auric fields

Within our hues, we play on battlefields
White Supremacy shields, as duplicity yields

We broke bread, our hopes we once thread
Now, I feel the inner star that bled

How do I compost the unrotten
When the trust was misbegotten

***"I recognize that I am a beholder of the
confessional; therefore, I accept priesthood
as a metaphysical professional."***

Attn: Chirping Bird

I don't fight, death I fright
Like a knight, I slay with light

A reticent soul trafficker;
Don't interrupt my civil slumber

Let me stroke time
As I bide this maritime paradigm

***“I am a cheerleader, not a coach.
Amidst the multidimensional teams,
your fate, I will not encroach.”***

***“Death is the first promise of life,
and existential entrapment is
a courted wife.”***

***“Edification is infinite
because evolution is imminent.”***

Spiritual Eugenics

A panoramic view of the
firmament lends a nuanced
understanding of ecology and
virology; although oppression is
a ubiquitous symptom regarding
contagion, I don't believe its
cure is as efficacious as
the disease is voracious.

Hybridity

In this Garden of Eden, I have laid and toiled
with rattlesnakes. Their lust was the fruit from
which I ate, like French kisses in knotted tongues,
devouring malefic cakes. The pancreas of my psyche
learned its tolerance, and with my soul's kidneys,
we had a conference: Although you have built
immunity, do not condone or imitate lunacy
because your cells are on the verge of mutiny.

Succulent

Just because they look at you,
Don't mean they see you.

The teacher and lesson
Be a decoded blessing.

And folk can't give what they ain't have.
Be WHOLE, the truth no one can halve.

I'm just hitchhiking in the multiverse,
Treading the perverse as I cancel the curse.

Imma hop a ride to back to Sirius;
I ain't delirious— ascendance gon' be mysterious!

“When the main character mistakes themselves for second fiddle, the script will never be coherent. In denying one’s true essence, with time, you twiddle. To symmetry, be an adherent.”

Doctored

The corporation is led by its pecker,
and I, by my pick. Truth can feel
like poison when you don't know
you're sick. With my pen, I scrub
every sin. As a citizen stationed
in Babylon, an entity that
compulsively assaults nations,
in my blood, I have citations.

Tear the Square

Humility can dissolve anger,
May integrity be an anchor.

Funding is hush money;
Bribery looks like artificial honey.

Stand your ground, but what is your latitude?
Do not minimize an unstated magnitude.

Obesity is a form of oppression to fight
Because health is your divine right.

If self-loathing is cancer disseminated in neocolonial
psychological warfare, how disruptive could impeccable
self-regard and reverence for life and God be for the
enslaving software?

If the oppressor uses the same tactics,
Why do the oppressed believe they experience unique
ballistics?

We ought to master the schematics of the black-and-white
Chessboard as though it were supreme mathematics.

As organics, we should explore divine demographics
And redefine our concept of pragmatics.

Hollow Birch

Folks tithing to the church:

Their down payment on a house in heaven
What would Jesus say about fiat currency and recession?

At any rate, the pedo-insurance may invalidate the holiness;
Perhaps the 12 disciples must rule this felonious

The blood of Christ is living Gold!
Y'all crusty, and your dollars are made of mold.

Anti-Civil War

They baking a pot of beans,
Around the world, caching they submarines

The Mofos, at the Apex of this pyramid scheme,
Want us to self-terminate,
to fulfill their depopulation dream

**In these Feudal streets,
We gotta overthrow the kings, whom we call the elites**

The tricks and threats of enslavement
are cyclical in their repeats
If we ain't complicit, in the pursuit of freedom,
we write receipts

Impersonal

Is it possible that folks
may not be withholding
a warmth or abundance of self?

In fact, they may not be holding
what you seem to splash
and then query the arid beholding.

“I am no longer arranging bouquets in my speech; with attentive silence, I will preach.”

Overripe

Goodbye doesn't need to be tied in a bow,
as though closure were a gift to neatly wrap.

Sentimentality can be a people-pleasing trap.

The impulse to be nice is an energetic lice.
Cut the strap; giving too many fucks becomes a handicap.

Mhmm

I loved beneath me
because I did not know my worth,
nor did those whom I loved.

Evidentiary

If you can't see it,
But you smell it.
Are you waiting for a show?

If you hear it,
But can't place it.
Are you waiting to be touched?

You stay clutched?
Is that the 6th sense?
What you know is not pretense.

Rhetorical Query

Could the United Nations charge Israel
with a RICO crime?

Case Name: Zionism as a Planetary Parasite vs. Humanity.

Who instituted the United Nations?
Hmm, fascinating.

I Rest My Case

I know a white southern dentist who worships fluoride with even more absurdity than he boasts about his collection of Jordan sneakers.

I met an immunologist who you would've thought was the product ambassador for Vaseline—a self-proclaimed people-pleaser who denied any connection between inflammation, sugar, pH, and psoriasis—but carefully asserted that fungus is the main antigen. Was this a dog whistle? I just nodded at the Indian Medical Fellow.

I had been fond of a clinical psychologist who, after working together for five years, seemed to forget the DSM and associate isolation, in the absence of any other presenting symptoms, as a prompt to speculate a possible schizoaffective disorder. During our session, she did a Google search and realized she was wrong in her assertion, at most, depression. Nonetheless, this was disturbing.

Per my case, when literate and self-possessed, I have observed that goofy and daffy is an apparent norm, which is why I feel confident in the harm gained when we conform.

***“You could turn the other cheek,
but death is an antique that savors the meek.”***

Fictitious

You can be tilted in the womb,
or within the soul.

But do you let demons groom?

We are savages who adhere to the facade of etiquette;
And yet, decadent evil is abundantly eloquent.

***“If you lack the application of knowledge, you’ll
fare poorly with the administration of your
spiritual emancipation.”***

Unsolicited

Negress to Negress, I see you batting for the toothless. If you spare the termite, they gon' bite. If a zombie wanna make you run, play pause. Learn how animated they get when you suck your paws.

We gotta keep our hearts in our chests because this world hates to see a Negress with a crown who is refueled from unapologetic rest.

Niggas in a flood think they are floating because drowning is as commonplace as smoking bud. Don't be truth's thud; watch them play with mud. When they wanna walk, invite them to talk.

And never forget, you are the prototype for humanity. No obscenity goes with impunity. The nonlinearity of time will demonstrate divine veracity. On, God!

And when the Y chromosome forgets the first waters that generously permitted its life. Just giggle; this is all existential strife.

Drop one word: Parthenogenesis. When all the timelines collapse, we will succeed at the elimination of this pervasive psychospiritual pathogenesis.

*Negress to Negress,
Porch Goddess*

*“Metaphors and similes are hues I apply when
painting the cadence of emotion; I craft lyrical
potions, an empath’s devotion.”*

Peekaboo

Hitler, what you knew,
It has become a horror stew

As a society, we sip
No longer free, a delicate strip

There are levels to evil,
Some roaches are primeval

I don't know what I knew
But Hitler, I got questions to ask you

Tuning Fork

Discernment is as vital as antibiotics.

If a threat is not adequately assessed,
how do you intend to treat your regret?

Wake

I tend the cemetery of those
Who suffocated me with misery

With honey, I wax my inner sanctuary;
As I know, the pattern is not hereditary

I thank their savagery,
For it summoned my tutelary

***“Fire is the umbilical cord of the divine,
which I coil to ferment all that
would otherwise spoil.”***

Cheval Glass

How does the content of your character inform
how you curate the characters in your life?

If boundaries keep you safe,
how do you protect what you do not know?

If you feed ignorance and binge self-neglect,
how do you grow?

Solar

My evolution is an eclipse;
Fuck an apocalypse!

I ride my Merkabah as the divine grips.

“Religion is the poor man’s cocaine; Delusion is champagne, a powerful colonization that the pastor will ordain.”

Split

Some ghouls
Portray silly fools

Those who kiss satan,
Got some tools

Distill and alchemize the molecules

If light and dark can convert:

Upon what rules do we build higher schools?
To elevate mortal mules

Overshadow

Arm's distance,
tossed breadcrumbs...

Dimensions flicker;

You a tethered monitor?

Am I a feature in your soul's slums?
I'll walk you to the incinerator.

Roused

I wanted the fruit and didn't realize I was the tree
I used to look for the seed outside of me

From tortured to nurtured,
I am a planted orchard

Nuclear Family

I fancied us a Holy Trinity,
But your god is my Demon

Words unsaid left me beaten
I watch you worship and have chosen deletion

On these sturdy waters, where I am a sea woman
Truth sweetens with cohesion

For God, with conviction, I commit treason

Shantytown

Boys and men who are raped
Live with their masculinity scarred and scraped

How can a king proudly wear his crown
When his soul was stuffed while gaped?

Leaving him and his kingdom
Another man's clown

The natural order fades,
As darkness parades

Oh, we women
Too familiar with blood-stained linen

God, rinse the crimson
Release us from this prison

Gauge

A giggle could be a socially adapted
expression of knotted rage

A devoted attempt to assuage
homicide in its cage

Earth Colony

When your employer is comprised of
Bitch Ass Coons,

You accept that the overseer is a gang
of polkadot goons.

Timeless

Intergenerational trauma is a zombie,
A cellular dud hijacking the body

Imma wash this ish clean from my blood;
I am God's diamond stud, swimming out of hell's flood

In The Prairie

Are you a host,
By whom are you hoisted?

I pray you become anointed.

Obiter Dictum

Entering the medical system is often experienced as an invasive autopsy of trauma. The interrogation would suggest that you are a living ghost who is expected, with specificity, to recall the death and dying of your soul. All the while, the requested rearticulation seemingly demands that you act and appear animated as you guide the medical system's dissection of you.

No Cap

If we got beef in the streets,
More than likely, I'm meeting with
Your doppelganger between the sheets

I gotta go over your head,
It's not between me and you
I gotta get the key to the mystery

And that metal ain't on you

Assets

No matter the surplus,
You ain't gotta splurge

Whether prana or coin,
Everyday you don't eat sirloin

Peace is a renewable lease
Don't let idleness give cause to release

It's a flex not to need your sum
Store reserves in your sacrum

Frame of Mind

Cellular fusion,
Divine collusion

***“I danced with demons when I thought we felt
the same until I learned our fire is born of a
divergent flame.”***

Ternary

I wax with speculation,
Am full and fertile,
As I wane with repose,

Betrothed to salvation,
I mother the past and future
And live the maiden and crone's prose

Essentially

When you are without a designated bed,
Wherever you find a pillow, you'll lay your head

When you are kinless,
You'll underestimate how folks choose to be vicious

If you plant flowers that are categorically dead,
Maybe this soil is not of your destiny's thread

Hilarity!

You thought yourself a honeybee,
Never met a hive sweet on me

Born of the mud, I'm a mason bee;
With the stinger of an Africanized honeybee

Athanor

As I toast my distilled water with
baking soda and Celtic salt,
Kindness has always been my default

Even when gratitude for sustained grace
Is sought to deface

But can't nobody take the wood out of my fireplace

***“I ain’t got no kin, but God lives in my skin;
A karmic win, I wear a poised grin.”***

Acquit

Sober and celibate, time had to educate;
Jonesing made me easy bait

Venomous snakes, in a headlock, was my throat;
But the goat gon' smote

Been deworming entities,
Sitting with divine perplexities

Sail the Tale

I don't have to judge the truth to observe it;
Nor must I deny the discomfort when expected to omit it.

Do not overvalue honesty in the absence of intent,
With consent, you will find your soul bent.

I accept that time is a setting and life is the stage.
From the Akashic records, I will watch me offstage.

Freedom's Trolley

The Indigenous folks sought to return the pox-ridden blankets as they gathered their caskets.

The enslaved Negro wanted to vote,
to no longer be enslaved; once literate, he wrote.

The white woman wanted to work and vote,
so she could loosen her petticoat.

People with disabilities requested their humanity be honored, for difference need not be socially slaughtered.

The Dykes, Gays, and Queers sought to live in truth not doused by hegemonic shame; they sought to feed freedom's flame.

The Transgender folks wanted to be affirmed; some took to the doctor's knife because symmetry is what they wanted to be confirmed.

Whenever I heard the choo-choo train, I said... when they drink the rain, I get stuck in a mud flood.

Liberalism is needed, but boundaries must be heeded.

Bail reform is excellent! Subsidized housing is a blessing. But when folks become recidivous, or when residents have a firebug, what happens to the community? If Medicaid or the state pays the bill, does that incentivize systemic immunity?

Cops don't educate, and Firemen don't employ. Mental illness is the manifestation of an inflamed culture expressed through the living cells of society. Against humanity, capitalism is an unyielding rivalry.

If I say, as a woman, misogyny is shapeshifting and intent to look like me and kill me —energetically, spiritually, and socially, I am a reprobate?

This trolley, the one for freedom, doesn't see me; it acknowledges my slivers when I exercise my voice for their plea.

My womb, melanin, and inclinations are to be protected. With all this cosplay, I'm feeling tested.

Interlude

Wafers be talking about reverse racism in a “post-racist society,”

But my Nutella is hyper-focused on reverse empathy as the tropism of white congeniality.

I am often betwixt, the mold of the collective consciousness remains affixed.

As I review my reverse freckles, I posit that racism is the crib that nursed the range of techniques on how to gaslight—civilly. The aggrandized narcissist is an emotional arsonist. Who demands the contortion of its chosen mammy to coddle its fear of accountability.

I question the trauma response that is my amiability when besieged by psychic hostility.

“Code-switching is to emotional regulation, the embodied mastery of the gender-expansive soul guided by divination.”

Dear Self: 2023

In what allegory does a sea goat ask the lizard
to teach it how to glide?

The falsities you have relied upon have stoked the lament
in which you exclaim yourself stupefied.

Remember thyself. You do not divide;
you multiply and magnify.

If you were mystified, I hereby nullify.

Go forth and ratify the fading lullaby.

Hastily,
You

Solstice | 22 Years Since

Swapped bedwetting for menses
With dominion, I heightened my senses

If you were born with roaches eating at your table, you'll
think it's natural to be surrounded by pests. Sometimes, the
critters are the guests with apparent zest.

Slowly, you observe, by ungodly idiocy, that they are
possessed.

I have nothing but gratitude brewing in my cells.
I chuckle at the way joy swells.

Above All Else

Do not crack,
Before you hatch

Never on the rack,
Last dispatch

SMH

The digital circus be irritating my ego
As my heart stares at my soul

Asking: Why you stay feeding the mosquito?
You sipping on chemo?

Doxy

Academia is an atheist religion
That worships truth's interdiction

Where omission is god
And critical analysis is odd

Because cult's perfect perception
And forbade emancipation's interruption

While we scramble theory, over-easy semantics
In dissonant delusion, we are fanatic romantics

OYEAMA (No One Knows)

Admittedly, I don't know how it began—
I met you in the dark

However, I bear your name
And #7 was your only son

The annual voyage to Igboland felt epic
When you are unwanted, what is homesick?

Red clay, a slide-made hill
Recoiled head wraps, the tray for 5-gallon buckets

I'm no 5 dollar Indian, but there is cursive on my tongue
You stained time with blood incongruent with the profane

I can't recall why, but you disowned me over the phone
I understand; You knew you disturbed the wrong throne

When you pan out and see the caricatures of your life
As a voodoo script,
you either wince or choose to commence

Reception

Do not conflate the witness
For a solicited audience

Your psyche is a multidimensional scribe,
As you channel your celestial tribe

You intuit spells,
Dangling seashells

You are a scale of water and fire
External validation is a demeaning qualifier

Revel in your unfolding folklore
You are not far from the shore

Add more wood, smoke galore
The stars have sonar

Undiluted Lava

You don't transcend a valley of darkness,
Without adopting the ability to yield your shadow

God infused me with the blood of ammo,
I am the most powerful peasant I know

Traction

The riddle of trauma is a speedboat,
cascading the river of your heart

If you don't let go,
the water will tear you apart

Lulled Lore

Temporal amnesia,
Fading anesthesia

Imagine a lion and zebra
Being the bridesmaids for a hyena

In the dome,
Stratum is a crunchy tortilla

Spell: 026

When an owl plays with the rat,
The cat and bat scowl.

Unknowing the hubris is befoul.

Identity Theft

Juicy like a lemon,
And more viscous than honey

Spiritual scammers trading venom;
Laced hibiscus smells smutty



Coveting a flame—
Asking for a spark

Doubt is to blame,
Take a fork to the shark



History ain't destiny
Build the arc of your legacy

Burn like the phoenix,
Awake the dragon's helix

Riveting River Reveals:

I cannot mirror to you
What you have yet to see

I cannot quench a thirst
Rooted in the vein of your psyche

Uninformed of your innate fusion,
Even hydrogen hides its confusion

What does a proton say to the photon?
You put the ion in the lion

You are electrifying, perpetually edifying
Out of flattery, you became accustomed to lying

There is nothing artificial about your sun
Like the wheel of time, you will never be unspun

Latent Profit (Non-Profit)

On the plantation,
Care is a selling stock

Victims of oppression,
By pretense, we mock

Like cotton, we pluck;
Herding a disempowered flock

Company

To be wicked and slow,
is to row a canoe on rocks

The smell of putrefied barbecue;
rather unorthodox —I see hawks

Archetype

I may only know that you were born,
I do not know when you were seeded;

Nor can I assume that you have sprouted

Solely

My allegiance is to Sirius;
As breath, I am serious.

Distinct Instinct

The familiar is not familial
So sweet they embitter

Demagnetize your transmitter

The divine is alkaline

Program the polarity
Like a spine set to realign

Cerebration, as gesticulation
Amplifying embodied harmony

A sound rearticulation

Perceptual Bereavement

If enslavement's spectrum is repackaged
with a caste of trinkets

In the pursuit of collective emancipation,
we become jaded delinquents

Calling God's Hotline

My kind are hung
My kind are hunted
My kind are harvested

**My tears and wails are retrieved
From the archives of fading shorelines**

Death is clockwise
Evil amasses its stockpiles
Overcrowded is hell's aisles

After Shadow

Lucidity may feel like adrenaline
because sedation nursed oblivion.

As you surf the erratic tides
of a vibrant emotional landscape,
seek equilibrium.

When you taste the flavors of delirium,
choose to become stable lithium.

Flare's Spark

The ineffable hugs me through the sky,
with arms made of clouds

As I clamor about the fleeting grandeur of
possibility that enshrouds

Peculiar Clicks

Digital voyeurship is enticed and normalized,
While the need to be marketable appears pressurized

Weird and unusual is the new baseline,
Where socializing has become malign

***“Becoming spiritual is accepting
life as a cosmic ritual.”***

Guarded Womb

To she who is inconceivable,
For a world that remains irredeemable

I mourn an unusable portal
Knowingly, to be mortal

Is feasting on seasoned marble
Where the Negress and her melanin are venison

Either my heart or soul is prolapse;
To be both sacred and yet scraps

Firefly Burns in the Sky

Being bright during a successive night,
Is a bulb sought to smite

Because the light
Incites unconscious parasites

Concession

Vicarious trauma is a spider web that contracts slowly;
The triggers are insidious prickles, deftly unholy

Betting on friendship is playing an ostentatious lottery;
If trust were an endangered species, faith is its fossil

Ebullient

Time weakens the glue of memory,
For which rebirth is complimentary

Soul cracks become more sturdy,
Knowing God is your attorney

To be worthy garners controversy;
In prayer, you build mercy

Aspect

Life is a subscription model
And ownership, a timeshare

For a Picket Fence, the masses squabble
Bankruptcy or foreclosure is a nightmare

Trading wood for shelter, water, and sprouted seed
A chained cycle, endless indeed

Madness is a spiral on an escalator
Earth, a nonconsenting incubator

And I, a tense speculator

Energetic Assessment

There is a protocol for decontamination:

Isolation is purification

Contaminants must be neutralized

Analogous to starving a cell of glucose

For attunement to be metabolized

Be showered in solitude,

Scrub with gratitude

Verification of completion requires fidelity

Seemingly, reintegration will be a parody of parity

Resistance and indifference prolong the process

May your curiosity be vigorous

eerie

In love, you are joyously submerged;
Yet, by divine creed, you feel isolated

The remnants of your destiny have emerged
A gift for your evolution to be accelerated

The deluge of discomfort will not alleviate,
For it is your privilege to appreciate

Because the spiral upon the strands
Is an upward momentum that expands

Remember, with consent, you demanded this mission
As a celestial technician, employ the praxis of a magician

Blunt Teeth

I tow my heart through immense sadness,
and have the moon as a counterpart.

The bees are an escort,
and God is my unflinching consort.

Sift

1. You can throw a horse in the river, and it'll still die of dehydration; perhaps misery is masturbation.
2. Although you desire to preserve a single thread from the fabric, burn the whole garment. It ain't thematic or semantic. It is metastatic.
3. Between water and fire, mind the sound of your inner choir; hope and pessimism can coat the liar.

Tending

To be soft,
when the world
feels like razor particles

Is a type of magic
I perform in hiding,
as I decode oracles

When I taste my soul's waters,
I revel in sharing a sip
but thirst varies by God's daughters

Window Shopping

The reflection in the mirror
has grown clearer

The things I marvel at dematerialize
as I come nearer

***“As it pertains to truth, resistance is delusional;
in acceptance, the pain becomes discernible.”***

Skin

These cravings trigger quakes in my follicles
I fret, for the nightmares replayed by rancid chronicles

I exhale and settle into the yearning;
I mourn the burning

Rehabilitative Commemoration

It is easier to celebrate, honor, and revere those no longer here. I'd speculate this is because we get to select the truths of the dead that serve our interests.

We get to give flowers to someone who cannot smell them or remark on the vibrance or wilt. We get to mute the dead because they are gagged by the grave. So, it serves us as the living to honor the dead, who were probably comparatively invisible when alive because they cannot talk back to us. They cannot hold us accountable; they can't resist because they no longer breathe; all we have are their words and deeds, and we can distill and implant unaligned meaning, choose what we value, and render inert seeds.

“Some seeds do not require the sun to grow, even if they are fond of its light, nor do they wait on the sun. They choose to grow, knowing the sun will eventually find them.”

Panoramic Survey

Ambition without a robust moral compass
Is flight without wings

The soul is a parachute to encompass
But some cut their own strings

Ethos

If rejection is God's protection
I am a celestial convection,
Whose value is beyond detection

I once burned with acid rain
I now thank the lord for the truth stain
And in love, there is no vain

Either germane or refrain

Shrouding Velum

As we are engaged in a multidimensional war,
Who else feels that the earth is a holding cell?

Does imperial decorum seem like beguiling decor?
Is your lapel a pastel for the battle drills in the citadel?

From which parallel does your avatar spore and spar?

Spell: 025

I'm rooting for God's frequency,
And those aligned with divine regality.

As we know, the earth is a prison municipality.

Synthetic Subjugation

Adaptability is inherently evolutionary
Sobriety, no matter how minute, is revolutionary

Drugs are chemical restraints
Optimal to sedate your existential complaints

During chattel slavery, Massa employed spirits
To intoxicate and suppress rebellion
So freedom would abate

During the civil rights movement,
Heroin grew in prominence
How grateful was white dominance?

In both Vietnam and Afghanistan,
The production and trade of opium
Destabilized their occupied nation

This imperial extraction reverberated
throughout the territories
Like a slew of gang rapes in resistant dormitories

The political, familial, and spiritual stamina of revolution
Became a crackheaded baby of dissolution

An aborted societal transformation,
in which we are now inundated
In liberation as the hedonistic
celebration of egoic prostitution

Between the child who mines the cobalt for the vape
And the child who vapes because of access to cobalt

In oppression's flowchart, these young seeds
Are the termination point of exploitation's deeds

If we zooted and sloshed, we become docile hostages
Of imperial fantasies and its Machiavellian promises

Cymatics

I skip upon the stars,
as I sip the seas

I hum through the wars,
as God summons the returnees

Words of a Parrot

If humans farm and rear animals, believing they are the apex of the animal kingdom, as they enjoy their beloved pets, have the zookeeper, enslaver, and architect of the Homo Sapien species been rendered obscure from their awareness?

What are the precise dimensions of the political, economic, socioemotional, and psychospiritual ecosystem we inhabit?
And who are its stakeholders? Not we!

The Branding of Exploitation (Slavery)

Colonialism and capitalism are fraternal twins in which race and sex are biological variables. But in a capitalist caste system, race and sex are colonial projects for economic regulation. In this system, identity becomes a social construct because societal norms reinforce the manufactured belief in their validity, and their application necessitates collective subscription and submission.

Colony is a term derived from the Latin word “colonus,” which means farmer.

Would this imply that the institutionalization of colonization is a systemic framework that industrializes humans as entities subject to farming for their inherent and natural resources upon the lands from which they inhabit?

And if colonialism is the fraternal twin of capitalism, which is the privatized trade for profit, would the nation-state be its surrogate mother?

In what incubator of senile sadism was this magnitude of progressive matricide concocted? Nonetheless, it is

wholly sordid.

I beg to ask, what is a citizen? Additionally, is socialization a cloning process by which the psyche is the inmate to assimilate?

**Hoping to be freed, in a democracy, we bleed, a delusion
we collectively breed.**

Logistics

I write because I traded my sword for the lord:

I swore I would birth the star I bore
I promised to make it back to shore
I was born to win this cosmic war

Tipsy

Why I feel like neoliberalism is the
domesticated foster care orphan,
Who seems better kept than her
trafficked kin of neocolonialism?

Like gentrification coupled with inflation and transnational
privatization, or IMF debt annexation?

Houseless, stateless, and dispossessed.

Sidebar:

Do you ever feel like an ingredient
in God's crockpot of gumbo?

You are hungry but don't know what's cooking or what
feast you will serve.

Dear Fellow Consumers of Media:

Are we being herded intellectually by cyber algorithms that serve to distract, demoralize, and embolden polarization? What function might this serve, and whose interests and power might it preserve? If schools do not provide adequate education, and News Outlets pump propaganda like radiation, can this hasten the sterilization of freedom's assertion in our collective imagination?

Who defines a terrorist?

What is a psyop?

When did post-colonialism mutate into neocolonialism and neoliberalism?

Where is fascism occurring in the present day?

Why does capitalism mimic a multi-level marketing scam?

How do nations who are \$30+ trillion in debt fund multiple wars, coups, and military bases while neglecting their citizenry, who struggle to accept that the planet is a remodeled slave plantation?

Perhaps rhetorical, but certainly not ahistorical.

To Freedom's Reign,

Negress of Saturn

My Attention

I'm stocking up on popcorn
Because this multi-genre Tubi film,
Called Predictively Programmed life,
is at its finest and set to hit a climax

Babylon is plotting regime hijacks;

*[Iran, don't bite the bait;
You and Allah must evaluate]*

Unbothered Lucidity

Coups be flaring up like flu season
The empire, our movie studio,
always scripts a reason

Call me Dorothy, as I tap my red shoes
Oz be dropping clues, but folk are stuck on snooze

It ain't no competition; I'm just trying to discuss
But I see when their cerebral cortex shift
Like Agent Smith and become engulfed with disgust

I'm simply trying to get out of the maze of this simulation,
To shed my skin with my soul intact for consecration

Admittedly, I favor black women
Even when their psyche ricochets hate that keeps my heart
bullet-ridden

As I broach 35 years within this reiteration,
Liberation is an aberration; there's more to this earthly
operation

I don't care about your bloodline, blood type, or hue;
I wouldn't fuck with my clone because
she wouldn't be true

When you reset your amygdala, have the calibration
Match your intended elevation

Although the path is narrow,
Pierce through the dimensions like an aloe-covered arrow;
May thy journey be hallow

Freedom Elder

You have aged better than wine,
The grapes of your soul's vine,
Were joy seeded by the divine

You embody a sweetness born of honey;
In the dark empire, you are eternally sunny

Your courage has seared,
While your wisdom has generously steered

As living contraband, in truth, we stand;
May we transcend to freedom's land

Book Ban

If the State blocks the sun
From shining in your mind

Although literate,
You are intellectually blind

But while you can see:

Download everything you may want to read;
The repetition of history, we should heed

Between forced quarantine camps,
And nano-vaccines, I massage my heart's cramps

May we gain the upgrade of our birthright,
Those with sight, will taste the light

***“When our human collective intellectualizes
pathological evil, you may feel autistic in a
society that normalizes sadism as genial.”***

***“My trauma is not my identity;
Ask me about alchemy.”***

5 of Cups

I will no longer speak of the dead,
As I evict them from the parlor, in my head

Even if we breathe the same air,
From memory, their placement, and its meaning, I tear

Wearing past pain does not favor sycophancy;
Knowingly, I will no longer practice necromancy

**As I write life's thesis, my central argument
ought to be rooted in grace**

Time, I cannot erase;
However, in my soul's fireplace,

I always find God's trace,
And revel in her embrace

DEI: How to Pacify

Diversity, Equity & Inclusion.

It is a movement that is re-educating white supremacy on how best to preserve its legacy and to obfuscate further the mechanisms by which racialized dehumanization is systemically perpetuated and, therefore, protected.

Although I appreciate the promotional intention, the visceral impact is overwhelmingly disconcerting.

From the Rainbow's Arc, I ask?

How do we, as a society,
distinguish mental illness from evil?
I am neither pure love nor light; in the war, we sleep-fight.
I, too, wish to be gleeful, but demons are lethal!

As with bacteria, we need good fungi!
Depending on the mushroom:

Microbes that increase your immunity and serotonin,
Or a hallucinogenic trip that thins the veil,
At worst, ingestion can be fatal.

**I believe psychology maintains a smokescreen
for embodied demonology.**

If we do not adequately understand the
pathology and its virology,
We have no antibody for the antichrist.

May God's seed not be spliced.

Gut Review

Would you complete the purchase if you try on a pair of shoes that are either too small or too big? Mind you, there are no refunds or exchanges.

Comparably, if you interact with someone romantically or platonically and recognize that your hierarchy of values is misaligned, would you shuffle yourself to nail down an inorganic relationship?

As with the shoes, your feet are unlikely to shrink or grow to match the purchased footwear. And if you persist and wear said shoes, will a toenail fall off, or will your heel expand? What will become of your feet? Would such pain and discomfort be a practical pursuit?

Soul Stains in the Wash

If two wrongs don't make a right,
Does unjustified darkness birth light?

A sea of pain attempted to swallow me.

When 14, I took 11 Motrin pills
Because trauma has no vaccine

With a saline drip in my arm,
And by my bedside, a 37-year-old mother

Who suggested I should've taken her pills,
Evil sought to smother; how irony kills!

When I see girls and women share affection with their
parents, I feel the trance of dissociation as though sound
becomes fluorescent.

I was intent on survival if it cost me my life in Lagos. My
soul has always been the most precious cargo. I had
mentally prepared for the termination of my male

procreator by the age of 11. I made my plea to the divine and asked her to forgive, but incest was misaligned.

What are the chances of sharing a birthday with the devil? To be named after his mother? Apparently, I am “One who knows the path.”

Since returning to the shapeshifting empire on the winter solstice of 2001, I have seen this progenitor twice, maybe trice.

Although I could Uber to most of my family members, I am keenly aware that all variations of my bloodlines are tainted. It's strange because I denied the truth of this knowing for a century of lunar cycles.

I quell the taste for vengeance when I eat sirloin steak.
There is evil I cannot forsake!

I sprinkle humor in the testimony that I bake.
If leaves were timelines, I rake them all into a cake.

If confetti were a shotgun, and the bullet was redemption,
I would merely light the candles.

Between fate and destiny,
God Always Handles.

Phenomena

As I reflect on the placebo effect, I wonder, in the absence
of any medication, but the intentional thought and belief
that one will be healed, they recover.

If the same approach were applied to a societal revolution
that was rooted in metaphysical evolution, how could that
change the energetic climate of our planet?

After all, madness is in the air; we seem to breathe fear.

Nonduality

If you stupid, I'm retarded;
If you Holy, I am Divine.

I don't match energy,
But I do believe in synergy.

Carbon Construct: Gaslit Atoms | 666

*It seems as though history was written by a white man who
crowned himself victorious; he has exhibited clear signs of
schizoid sociopathic personality disorder that is highly
evangelistic and quite uncanny in its sadist
and narcissistic inclinations.*

Cobalt

Colonizers mine the marrow of Africa with
the skin of the land's kin.
Death is a river that never slows its rush.

With rage, I'd gush.
Instead, I thwart my soul's thrush.

Because violence is wrapped in timelessness,
I rock with my spirit council in quietness.

My melanin pulses, bracing for a crater.
Time swirls — GOD, pass me the speech of a detonator!!

Let frequency be the proper exterminator...

My spirit awakes in the flesh,
Shaving the veil.

Upon my eye, I clip the scale.

Jail is stale,
I am building my Holy Grail!

Veneration

I have living Ancestors,
Who murdered love like predators

No matter the assets I accrue,
To misery they are familiar creditors.

Cerebral Strip

Flesh a spaceship,
Karma, the whip

To Destiny,
I steady my grip



As I peel,
I feel the timeline rip

Stardust, I sip

As I taste the sun
on my bottom lip

Craving

Truth is like flavor,
Folk got they own palate

Belief is yours to favor,
Your taste informs your ballot

***“I ain’t counterculture,
just anti-cult.”***

Sun Gazing

Trauma is a living corpse;
For time is without remorse

An encrypted code I cannot dispel;
A rot within my soul's shell

“The more rooted your soul is in divine soil, the less susceptible you are to the pollination of evil flourishing within you like an invasive vine.”

Stream Of Consciousness

There are many for whom the desire to switch on their inner light becomes a moment in which they learn that their circuits are misconnected. And with much effort, they externally seek to have their bulbs swapped out. Perhaps their soul's breaker needs to be rewired?

Star Trekking

Hmm, it appears I am stuck on a Holodeck
Although I'd like to build a fantasy, like a teddy bear

This dimension is neither a time for Rec,
Nor a place for pleasure to ensnare

Snow Globe

In the experiment of life on this earth,
In a 3D simulation of consciousness,
Governed by the laws of freewill:

Are we quarantined?

If evil is a pathogen, how do we detect and eliminate it?
Is the sphere of life contaminated?
Are we on a time loop beholden to entropy?

Why else would the firmament be sealed?
Why do the laws of physics seem unreal?
Is magic a synonym for technology?
Whether mechanical or spiritual?

For we who are born of a soul,
are we blind to the profound?
Who else experiences quakes within their cell?
Are we mindless drones or heirs of
overthrown celestial thrones?

*When the garden of knowledge conflates
the weed for a seed*

Reality we concede, while truth we impede

In these predictive programming streets,
there is a lot of smoke

But who can taste the fire?

If you woke and easy to poke,
what's the quality of your yolk?

Because miseducated anger will cause you to misfire
The mission is transcendence; don't get caught in the
barbwire

Famished Binge

The barren sea is inexplicable,
But understood by the devotee

I love you from the seafloor to the sky's ceiling;
No matter the feeling, your healing is appealing

Harvest

May we be the seeds in rotation
May we be the feast of peace
May joy be our divine reparation
May faith be our altarpiece

*So be it
God's writ*

***“We are the seeds of liminal deeds;
If our timeline heeds, destiny proceeds.”***

Spiritual Neuropathy

In the 4th dimension courtyard, I say to them both:

In lieu of remorse, what is there to forgive?

Time was God's sieve.

Manifestly, the clothe of my soul was chosen to loathe.

Nonetheless, broken is the oath.

To alchemical growth, I am troth.

Changed Pocket

I was headed to the stars, on the precipice of remembering my galaxy, when the chemical lobotomization siphoned the gas out of my rocket.

Although I am conspicuously invisible, while on trial, I ask God to self-select the jury for my docket.

With a healthy buffer in my breaker, no matter the voltage, the charge is welcomed by my socket.

*In these higher unseen courts,
to which we mortals play,
may the divine be fair,
and love know its pair.*

***“When you feel like a veneration,
embodying divination,
what a realization.”***

***“Resistance is aromatherapy,
the incense for an insurgency.”***

Allayed

While in spiritual protective custody,
My soul emits a pheromone intent on protecting my throne.

I quarreled with my handler,
Who graced me with candor:

A well-fed bird will not leave its nest,
In comfort, the wings of destiny will arrest

If you have friends in a sewer,
You'd forgo your tribe, in a stupor

Intrusive Thought

We having Slave Revolts,
And you want me to shed a tear for Massa???

Can I borrow your eyes?
I can only see deflection and lies!

Crescendo

The tide snatches me to the bottom of the sea
And as promised, she always dangles me back to shore

With my senses, I build rapport

If the soul is an embryo,
How do we gauge its development?

What do we make of a plateau?
Because some cells are petulant

And when a spiral becomes a tornado
Is the psyche deciphering its credo?

Derisive

Folk think because you a plump serf in a drunken empire,

That if a colony sets tripwire,
You gon' be sad that the feudal system is set to expire?

I am surrounded by mental barbwire
I type spitfire; only in the flesh am I a pacifier

We There Yet!?!

I'm in God's Ring:

‘Spirit, you been dragging me!
Mollywapped — I see little birdies...
I am KO, Knocked Out.’

I'm speaking between consciousness!

We building substance??? I don't feel piteous. I'm curious,
seeking the compass in this riddle as I twiddle with the
abundance I encompass.

Let's wrap this shit up.

I'm a bull who wears lambswool,
The vigor of my Mars is a bucketful

Resurrection is my foremost predilection!

I am cosmic liquid, born convicted
Nothing rigid, only gifted
I can taste jubilee,
As I configure this trophy

Idle Cycles

Habitual misery possessed me to hit the blunt,
With every indulged craving,
melancholy revealed a new stunt

Like a skydiver without a parachute,
Your soul will shatter if you refuse to transmute

Sober and somber, isolation is a horizon
That summons my dormant siren

When you pray, God will repel what you left on layaway;
Inevitably, healing requires you to shed the decay

Deplete

Imagine being a firefighter who is expected to apply the waters of their soul's well to extinguish the flames of dejection in another.

I am praying to fetch rainwater,
so I can remember the scent of a flower.

Macaroons and Selenite

Earth is an action drama,
A cryptic psychodrama

A timeless soap opera,
A script to indulge trauma

Where vampires and parasites,
Feed their appetite into blights

Where the ego is catered,
And emotional sobriety is unfavored

Cheers to those who fast,
Who rejects any system rooted in a caste

Who learns the expanse of humanity is vast,
And consciously choose the character they will cast

Spell: 024

Your algorithm is reflective of your frequency.
Although evil is uncomplicated, your moral vertigo
will always be unsteady.

By virtue of your White Supremacy,
you hide your hood because nice whites should.

Code Red: 11*11

Depending on the moon and the day,
I'd think myself an altruist, so I say

I don't see a goat and a lamb sacrificed firsthand,
That smell of blood your memory cannot disband

As a world, we are watching one of many genocides
from the palm of our hands

If ever there were a query on the existence of evil,
organized murder is its beloved brand in many lands

Even so, do not confuse affiliation with correlation,
Antipathy is the aim of chaos,
to secure societal disintegration

If you embody a soul, and you wanna make it home whole
I'm a humanist, not a eulogist

Identity and essentialism is a
broken GPS for Reincarnation;
Our projection is an illustration
of our distance from salvation:

*Always watch your six,
Cliques and politics,
Words turn into bricks*

Spell: 023

If folk wanna be tribal:

With their bloody hands on the Bible,
To God, I affirm: ‘Mankind is libel!’

Lethargy

Hope is a cosmic opium,
the droplets of mania,
the delusions that fuel capitalism

When the high fades,
and reality grips you like the coldest night,
only you and God can fight

Ulterior Exterior

I don't care the color of your skin,
Do you got your soul in the game?

If love is your twin,
To my Yang, you are Yin!

If you ain't tickled to be a traitor,
To revolution you an idolater.

If propaganda is your beloved lullaby,
Truth will always be your chosen colony to gentrify.

If time were an underground tunnel,
We have traversed freedom's funnel...

I ain't fit to shed blood or bite my tongue,
Imma swim through dis' portal of a flood,

And if one seeks to puncture my lung,
ON GOD, I know that body fit to be hung.

Spell: 022

Where there was once static,
My perception is now anticlimactic.

When a person is familiar with the flavors of water,
They read the room like a crystal ball.

Ideation

Sojourner Truth declared, “Ain’t I a Woman,” in 1851, a time when her gender did not provide her racialized womb lenience within a white patriarchal chattel slave system.

And shy of two centuries later, I restate her sentiment: ‘Am I not the Emanation of Spirit?’ Why is my humanity a consistent site of infringement?

“What you glean from intuition is not fodder for conversation or validation. It is a direction that requires your translation. Upon the map of your psyche, steady doubt’s oscillation and remain committed to clarification towards aligned manifestation.”

Spell: 021

In the sky or the sea, my truth will always reign free!

I have tried on everything but a new skin,
Knowing there never was a problem with my melanin.

A Virulent Code

*Although every psyche is born fertile, many do not desire to
conceive of divine gestation.*

Some believe this incarnation is a vacation.

As of late, diversity has been a sweet commodity, even
when depreciated and weaponized for erasure.

While sentiments become clutter, truth is a lucid sputter.

But when it comes to revolution, we believe we must be
splintered by hue and coin, as though food, water, and air
aren't needed by every loin.

If confusion were a wedgie, and my draws the sky, I am
suspended by the rays I choose not to justify.

I cannot ration a lie that eats the cell through time, as
though I am in a trance, and time becomes still; I am a
bystander in our collective perpetuation of a lethal
paradigm.

**Knowing that evil is sublime and only
shape-shifts over time.**

Conditions

If by knowing you:

A demand is that I set aside clarity for a fog,
Or trade harmony for the demagog

I will go analog and burn the memory
of you like winter's log

Cinderella in the City

While seated outdoors at the cafe
I whistle, nudging Destiny to crochet

A garment for my divine marriage
And a clear path for love's carriage

You see:

I keep my nails trimmed and my skin oiled
I stay rested and hydrated because
our reunion will not be foiled

I am charmed as I await my Queen
I don't wear heals, nor do I drink caffeine

With a size 44 pair of leather boots,
We already knew God was in cahoots

For now, patience will suffice,
As my dreams entice

Wispy

I've been resistant to this world's penchant to groom
Because my soul is a seed, embodied and planted to bloom.

Although I am the flower treated like a weed
To fate, I am keyed and by divine deed

My destiny, I will breed

Sublimate

As spirits having a human experience, how do we hack the genetic programming by integrating a spiritualized code that grounds a framework to facilitate transcendence?

Folk wanna break free,
While Earth is the prison.
Your soul is bonded,
Your skin is a loan.

**Don't fumble your supervised release.
If your ego is obese, your sentence will not cease.**

Interdimensional Swing

In a psychospiritual kitchen,
I am slow-cooking revolution
Spreading freedom's aroma
By means of acapella

Because polarities embody
persistent emancipatory irregularities,
Another's commitment to hate is not my ornament

Although we decorate White Supremacy
and the Melanite's PTSD,
To the actualization of freedom, we remain its parolee

Any form of supremacy justifies dehumanization,
And renders our species light-years away from
our collective salvation

**It feels good to believe you are chosen,
But how palpable is your soul's erosion?**

Roaming

I'm ringing the bell,
Because I smell the smoke of hell

The veil is thinning in the dream,
As the floorboard breaks with its regime

Random, Yet Genuine

At the sight of harmonic melanin,
And during the interaction with she who is feminine,

On a cellular level, adrenaline and estrogen
Swirl into a fusion of medicine!

If I could bottle the sacredness of a Negress,
seeing her divinity reflected,
The disjointed legacy of racism and misogyny
would be disinfected.

*With the magic of a fairy Godmother, every Negress Queen
and Princess would be rooted in a love that would be
healthily detected and projected—and our
regality would be protected.*

Undulate

Sometimes, longevity is the curse;
Memories' nightmare becomes perverse.

Like when wealth desensitizes one from morality,
I am strumming curiosity with neutrality.

Be Fucking for Real

I'm in a hallway, between dreams,
Observing patterns and their themes.

When the undercurrent of man's psyche
becomes most conspicuous,
Gossiping is not an intellectual pursuit that
ought to be perspicuous.

Just because your shadow self can see,
Don't mean for psychic captions you are a trustee.

As an empath, actively wiggling in her chrysalis,
There is a richness in the silence of knowing
that is abundant in deliciousness.

Train your clairvoyance with God as your sole audience.
Ain't no notes to compare;
Challenge your ego and its affair.

Protect your spiritual hygiene and mind the petty pottiness;
You've come too far to slip with the inglorious!

The River's Shimmer

I chase the sun the way a dragonfly crosses traffic.

In systems that are tyrannic,
righteousness is deemed erratic and manic.

But bees greet me every day,
urging me to stay busy in life's ballet.

From the divine's anther to the earthling's stigma,
I transfer pollen.

No matter how illusive societal bars are,
imagination will not be stolen when my vision is swollen.

**The spell that is spoken can unwrite
a curse that must be broken!**

In due time, we will be fertilized;
Both psyche and soul will be baptized.

Until then, may every Merkabah be a precious spaceship
May we seek to remember our cosmic fellowship
and intention for earthly stewardship.

***“As I capsize and become wise,
in my wreckage, I catalyze.”***

Lustful Rodents

When your chains are opaque,
in apathy, you bake.

You eat your reality
because it is your cake

Whether sweet or bitter,
the truth you must forsake.

Whilst the requisite evolutionary revolution
would be your imperial dissolution.

Spell: 020

Same plantation, different designation;
Transcendence will be the desired resignation.

Inviolability

As I am sitting by the water, looking at God's reflection,
I insist this dimension has not passed the safety inspection.

While I experience traumatic amnesia in my
bouts with dejection,
Through isolation, I explore protection.

When love and dysfunction are blended
in memories recollection,
Safety is a location of inner direction.

Transfixed by the Bough

The cerebral branches comprised of neurons are
epigenetically eliminating the familiar oxymorons.

If the Akashic records were an underwater cave, I am
discovering a lineage of patterns that I must sever with my
bare palms. For I have exhausted the denial
that cradles my qualms.

God's time only; with spirit, you cannot be lonely.

When the same knowing resurfaces with every full moon,
and you seesaw feelings that precipitate a pained swoon, an
immersion into the truth of your soul is opportune.

***“Some of us can perceive the artifices of the
hologram, while others live through telegram.”***

Spell: 019

I am a lesbian until menopause.

When my womb outlives its procreative clause,
My inner bisexual will live in applause.

Double-Take

*I am at play in the galactic playground of my soul, where
the universe and its divinity are swinging timelines,
crisscrossing dimensions.*

As I ready myself to spin into this double-dutch jump rope,
I assess my apprehensions.

My self-birthing contractions are sounded with verses.
Healing the wound to welcome a new me— spirit nurses!

Like a diver who fears the water is too shallow,
And neglects the abundance of their soil, which welcomes
its fallow.

I cannot make the sky rain or the sunshine.
But I can plant the truth I have gathered, which is mine.

Whether seeded or sown,
GOD IS MY CHAPERONE.

Decorative Blasphemy

Genocide is celebrated homicide in a society
where insanity is certified.

Because we only pontificate innocence when those for
whom rape, pillage, torture, and defilement are the norm
engage their divine authority to resist a persistent massacre
in which their
homeland has been occupied.

We are living code:

A fragmented computation,
A failed animated propagation.

**I beckon the Intergalactic Star Council to resolve this
psychospiritual inflammation!**

Like a horse race, we await the gunshot
For the declaration of World War 3.

But the invasion was soft,
And Liberty was its abductee.

**Like a slave who ran north into the bittersweet hands of
a renamed enslaver...**

My blood ripples at the thought of Africa because she has
always been gold for the toothless pirate. She is ravaged in
ways so detestable we mute her,
the origin of man, from our minds.

**There is an equal preponderance of enmeshment
as there is disassociation.**

And between grief and rage, I anchor my perseverance
because the shell that is flesh must protect the hatching of
my soul before I evict.

**As code, I will be unwritten when
the program is overridden.**

Synchronistic Colonies

Heads in the sand, living in a sand castle
The gravity of propaganda can be a hassle

1948, or 1776

The overseers are full of tricks!

Always Halloween with Democracy
How we love the drizzle of hypocrisy

Eat the skin, wear the skin, never of the skin
I'm speaking about melanin

We sharecroppers — tithing to a nation multiple times:
30, 40, and 50% of our income

The Amerikkkkan Dream is a simulacrum,
From which we feast upon its breadcrumb

The bemused vassals of a false empire,
Not quite realizing the spread of fire is dire

9/11, or Shabbat 10/7
False flags and dead body drags
The most terroristic image is the American flag
We a swag toting Imperial sleaze bag

If you Pro-Israel, now I know!
You down with the Lynching and Jim Crow

And as I review my racialized trauma reports
Amerikkka being Israel's consort, the truth it supports

Professional Mammy Driver

On this 21st-century plantation, as a house slave with no shoes, white supremacy got me in a chokehold.

Ain't no Robitussin for my drapetomaniac cold.

I ponder the feelings of Sally Hemings, who copulated six children with her enslaver, with whom she maintained a four-decade relationship, which began at age fourteen, and how Fredrick Douglas married a white woman at the end of his life.

Did these folks grasp a concept about the pathological narcissistic virus that is white supremacy?

Did they concede? Is resistance futile?

I have known Black women to be in cahoots with the White Man, his maid in exploitation, like Ghislaine Maxwell to Jeffery Epstein.

Like any self-aware pathogen, delusional white supremacy is a master of mutation. A revisionist branding of the Welfare Queen, Jezebel, and the Angry Black woman as

the hyper-independent and successful product of
innumerable intertwining racially codified systems of
dehumanization, being the optically appeasing Chief of
Peoples, Clinical Director, or Chief Executive Officer.

Frankly, it irritates my eczema to share proximity with the
melanite, who exhibits an autoimmune disorder related to
the pervasive nature of anti-blackness.

The glass ceiling and its arbiters are comprised of cottage
cheese and wet dog pheromones, to which, no matter the
chain of command, the board of trustees
will always look the same.

Ain't that about a bitch! I need some apple cider vinegar to
address this psychic itch.

I fancy myself that runaway slave with tattered clothing
who sings spirituals with glee, like a happy sambo, because
she summons a fleet of scarecrows to devour
what will not die.

And if I may clarify, the campaign to diversify has created
a gentrified gumbo with an Aunt Jemima label. This results
in an incredulously crafted difficulty in deciphering the

ingredients of systemic racism because the mechanisms
have been modified.

However, my blood pressure is somatically reacting to the
onslaught of white supremacy, as it rapes my psyche and
gaslights me to consent to my spiritual
exploitation willfully.

And because the Professional Mammy Driver is either my
complexion or size, speaks Ebonics, and smiles, I'm
expected to shuck and jive eagerly!

Inner Echo:

I got one nuke in my soul,
I'm trying not to blow!

I'd rather die with dignity,
Than to live as shards of my divine self.

You may have to change your environment,
If the soil contaminates the seed of your being.

Feuds and Serfs

Time is a ghost clerk
Karma lurks for the murk

Earth's preserves,
Are God's reserves

We not the same
You a tame frame

If I bark, I maim!

May all the kids revel in play

I pray for the prey,
Who don't know the dimension or day

‘Soft is Not Safe?’

Feel the breeze
and trust the sails
of your destiny.

Be unbothered by societal entropy,
in the madness, cultivate the finest aspects
of your cosmic legacy.

In your fidelity,
you will develop a divine dexterity
that will unravel the mundane clandestinely.

Spell: 018

Live To Tell;

Never frugal
with the spell.

Sitting Duck

Rock, paper, scissors:

Bitch, we gotta cut this muthafucking silence—

Its polite violence!

Thoughts are flies, and with intelligence, I swat them
muthafuckers.

I can't seem to squash a seed, fuck a nut!

In my relationships with other chosen humans, honesty is
not a luxury but a mandate.

God, I don't need to be here longer than I need to be here,
but since I have arrived, like Denzel in the Book of Eli, I
will not be compromised nor my mission jeopardized.

My soul is hatching in my skin so my spirit can soar, and
the celestial war, we shall win.

“Will You Ever Smoke Again?”

If I have learned the recipe for my healing,
Why would I change the ingredients?

The requisite for well-being is obedience.

God's Fortress

If my identity were comprised of freckles, I am covered;
I cannot conceal the wealth of my existence,

Nor deny danger's persistence.

Ornate

I am no one's keeper:

As a Saturnian Disciple,
I frolic in frequency,
as a beholder.

In transcription, for the hertz, can YOU be a holder?

As I am not a placeholder,
but an alchemical policyholder.

***“Our freedom fighters are your terrorists,
and your founders, our perpetual rapists.”***

Saints, and its Hood

Black Panthers or Hamas?

When your blood is the oil for which
evil becomes refueled,

What is Peace?

Pacifism and submission are illusions;
in our preservation, by God, we are bejeweled.

An incursion amidst genocide is a sip of tea in the morgue.

***“I wish to be a granddaughter;
Not by blood, but saltwater.”***

Hereditary

My kin is in the waiting room,
Between mania and psychosis:

His admission is pending, yet inevitable.

Parallels: Call Me Crazy, however....

I may have missed the fine print in the brochure of idiocratic life happenings, but I have been feeling a perverse chronological disorientation. Complex Post Traumatic Stress Disorder apparently lends its bearers a temporal dislocation experienced as emotional teleportation.

During my scheduled weekly supervision, I met with the Chief Financial Officer and my Supervisor. The CFO stated that his presence could clarify expanding and revising my job role and duties. After almost half a year of requesting a written job description, to no avail, and then ceasing to perform tasks until it was written, my request was met. The supervisor shared her screen and read verbatim every item of the revised job description to me. I quickly observed that what was before me included the kitchen sink and spare pipes in smaller font, with no conversation about adjusted compensation.

Naturally, I found this comedic.

While on mute, I was cackling. I reiterated what I would and would not do, such as three roles in two programs

or entering my employer's office, as I was hired 100% remotely, with no conditions or caveats.

Ironic, yet seemingly irrelevant:

I am catapulted. I find myself in a room in Long Island with a white man who tells me who I can and cannot be in 2003. I am a “scholar” at Boy's Hope Girl's Hope, a nonprofit group home for at-risk youth. The white man is the Executive Program Director of the New York Chapter. At this time, I have three choices: Maintain my status as a scholar at BHGH; Be discarded to a foster group home; Or, if all else fails, welcome suicide.

Confounded, am I, by the persistent power dynamic and its permutation in my life.

During my scheduled weekly supervision the following week, I met with my Supervisor, the Chief Financial Officer, the Chief Program Officer, the Director of Social Support Services, and the Human Resource Manager. The meeting is to help me understand the job requirements. Interestingly, the CPO and HR Manager were about twenty minutes tardy. Nonetheless, the camera on my work computer decided to malfunction. How gracious of my

conspiratory technology.

In this meeting, neither my reasonable accommodation request nor my grievance complaint was addressed or mentioned. Instead, the focus was on how I would consent to employment exploitation. When the HR Manager seemed fixated on talking about the next steps, if I did not acquiesce, which sounded like HR Speak for stages of pre-termination, I reiterated that the meeting should involve a discussion. In a dissociative panic, I compromised. “I’ll be a plumber,” I stated, regarding the many hats they required of me based on the revised job description. However, I was adamant about my remote work status. It was at this moment when I witnessed, in complete lucidity, organizational gaslighting. My supervisor, who interviewed me for 20 minutes for my current role, was demanded to “speak up” by the HR Manager, as the two of them could not understand why I would be under the impression that I was employed 100% remotely— which is evident on the offer letter I signed. The Director of Social Support Services insisted that “everyone knows they’d eventually have to come into the office.” At this point, we had to clarify “100%” as distinct in totalities and remote, which is the opposite of on-site.

How does a person who seeks to keep their wick lit not lose a flame that they are employed to share when dealing with such inclement weather from the organizational system that depletes them?

There was laughter on this call because common sense knows itself, and through coercion, nefariousness applies gaslighting to support the process by which it manipulates an individual.

Again, pumpkins and chia seeds:

I am transported. I am in Staten Island, a place off of Forest Avenue. My mother is seated in the sun, and we aren't up to much. The year may be 2009, or 2010, maybe 2011. I don't see her often, and I have something I want to bring to her awareness. I tell her that her brother, Sammy, molested me when she left me to be babysat by his mother. I viscerally recall stepping out of my body as I witnessed her smile, head nod, and swift change of topic.

I find it compelling that when people have a sprain, contusion, or fracture of the psyche, we believe they are weak, unmotivated, lazy, and disposable. But even a punching bag, made to be hit, will rip. So, the spirit of a person intended, by God, to flourish and evolve and thrive

can sometimes ponder: In the ring of life, should my soul
ache in such a way that no rest can regenerate?

It is peace that I seek to venerate.

God,

I yield speech to impeach. To whatever demon that leeches,
can you treat it to some holy peaches? For I lack the
capacity to demonstrate my veracity. My breath is an
illustration. I am my summation.

An Extrapolated Interpolation

A true poet not only appreciates, but swims in the waters
that hold the body of interplay between spirit,
metaphor and theory:

Even when the epiphany is eerie, I am not leery!

No regret, just compost;
Fate favors a doorpost

I like when my coochie greasy,
That's when I sing the blues in my soul's speakeasy

In what chapter, in this dimension,
Did I skip the procession towards ascension? —Because

I am only in competition with the reflection
in the mirror, and its shadow;
Mimicry is cheap and characteristically shallow

As it pertains to identity,
if I am a code in the simulation program,
And presumably, self-operating,

I can be whoever the fuck I wanna be

No love and light—I am a range of frequency!

I balance the scales like a deity!

I can acknowledge that a fruit looks sweet,
without wanting a taste;

A seasoned fool knows that lust is laced

Reverie

You ever be scraping the sky,
as your roots reach for the earth's core?

Whilst destiny, you oar
to reach the fore
of God's view,
and embody rapport

Spell: 017

Is the simulation a corrupted program?

How do we self-eject,
Without fragmenting the soul from its spirit?

*“After I released a flood of rage,
I soaked my feet in wisdom like a sage.”*

Underscore

When you conflate the familiar with safety,
You may feed a psychological cancer that
perpetuates your frailty.

Although invidious, discomfort may be a doorway
To a desired congruity—you can either explore or ignore.

Hypopigmentation

God—are you splashing me with bleach?
Transmuting melanin, what does destiny beseech?

May my face mirror the splatter and splendor
of stars in the galaxy;
And my body's skin, mimic frequency
as a celestial tapestry

Schematic

I'm playing chess, they playing UNO
Imma learn what I don't know

Although their predation is intractable,
My intelligence is adaptable

Like the giraffe that outruns its hunter,
I strike like thunder

Dear Matrix Coders

I have some queries:

1. Is reincarnation a hazing ritual?
2. Are we mice in a paranormal maze?
3. Are we untagged biological test subjects?
4. Is the simulation a hermetic interdimensional lab?

Because I would like to revoke my consent, as I don't believe I was properly informed as to the nature of this project.

Alternatively, can I schedule a multi-life interview, as I am confident in my ability to provide a sufficient thesis on my competence to join the celestial bodies with a ceremonious initiation?

My availability is eternal.

Truly,
Negress of Saturn

Lethargy

As I am dragged in life's desert,
I drink the sweat of spirit

If there is a sun,
Where is love's river?

Spell: 016

I got no gas, and a coded map
God, can I get a route?

Because I know I was not born into a trap

Capitulation

In the womb of my imagination,
I am the planter of karma's germination

From perception, that precipitates emotion:

As the judge and jury of my energetic sphere,
I motion for devotion

With truth as my gavel:

I am a passenger in the divine courts
Letting God steer

Fire Next Time

Folk swear they got the smoke,
Acting like they fire retardant

Stoke your ego, but your flesh gon' stroke
I be feeling mordant, when energy is discordant

Imma stay hydrated to keep my flames extinguished
Because when I burn, my blaze is undistinguished

Docking

I thought myself a fisher of God's people,
But we are all submerged in the flood.

Who among us dare to float,
When the dry land is faith?

Hydrophobia

When folks share their concerns about the proliferation and forced inoculation of the Covid-19 MRNA vaccines, but are quick to say they do not believe in conspiracy theories...

It feels like someone saying they go to the beach, and like to swim, but because they don't like sand, they stand in the parking lot.

I find this intriguing. As if cognitive dissonance has internal reinforcement mechanisms. And truth becomes water to the psyche of one with intellectual rabies...

Existential Assessment

If tomorrow were promised,
You would've had the invoice yesterday.

Unless time were on credit,
You are already in debt.

2 Questions:

Can you hustle the currency of life,
If it's nonlinear and nonnegotiable?

Before you wake up, outside of your skin,
Did your soul dwell in joy more than sin?

Reckoning, that Beckons

I am informing the spirit of Delilah,
That I decline the status of being her chosen pariah.

As for my scent, she need to get the fuck off my vagina.

We are seated upon velvet chesterfield,
Beyond the reach of a curtain;

As I remind her that the veil is unsealed,
And my command is certain.

Although I love the light,
I welcome the play of night

From this particular lesson of the lurking entity,
I have graduated—indelibly.

Therefore, I have placed my nectar into a vault.
As of now, all I have to share is salt.

Musing

Ashes are fertile,
Ride the hurtle

Make the verbal herbal,
Until you see purple

From the vernal to the infernal,
My circle is universal

Between the external and eternal,
This rehearsal is controversial

Life is a 3D commercial!

Surmisal

Ever been so scared to die,
You stop living?

Upon the cliff of perpetual fear,
You contemplate your misgiving.

Building a fortress that could blow away,
As you protect your bones and wait to grow gray.

When the wrinkles form,
In your psyche, what you have fed will swarm

But by then, time will be irretrievable,
And the true wealth of wisdom may become inconceivable

While the illusion of security and safety
Will seem like a cheap and unsavory pastry

Harvest Equinox

Jagged is the split!

Although I submit,
How does one refine
That which is counterfeit?

As I leaf through the peculiarities
Of my own programming and fantasies,
I observe curious irregularities.

Upon this day, I request the soil to seed:
I ask that Negress of Saturn fulfill her deed!

*The future is unwritten,
but I whisper into the echoes of the liminal..*

I am a thistle in the riddle,
Always willful—
Despite how horrid the minstrel!

Like a dimple, I prick the artificial;
Unbeknownst, yet sacrificial.

Between the interstitial,
I am an antimissile;
Fistful, with periwinkle.

From my tongue, truth will trickle;
The stroke of a key, is my sworn pistol!

And with every ripple in time,
I will blow the whistle
Because sound keeps the fire kindle.

And although I am nimble,
Unwise, are they who seek me to fiddle.

May my serpent moon catalyze
Their need to repent be, and be most opportune.



**In the cloth of majesty, in a dimension unseen,
I will gather with baskets woven with skin serene.**

*This whole incarnation is but a season to plant.
May my words spell my blood into a tool to enchant.*

A Nonconsensual Ghetto Skit

There is no point in sounding a fire alarm when people are bathing in the steam of a blaze that is formed from the organizational dysfunction that has been normalized.

On the other hand, no matter how helpless folks feel, if I drag a person to a river and they remain dehydrated, I may require a new occupation.

Bear with me:

I received an employment offer letter and a corresponding job description in June 2022. Within the fourteen-month tenure of my employment, the latter five months were spent requesting and advocating for a revised job description, as my employer sought to dole out verbal directives for me to work in the capacity of three different roles in two different programs.

May '23: *I submit a reasonable accommodation request.*

Upon my first meeting with HR to discuss my requested reasonable accommodation, the HR Manager is sucking a red lollipop. Yes, the meeting is held virtually, and no, I

am not being hyperbolic in my description of the lollipop being red. Nor the fact that it was in her mouth during this hour-long scheduled meeting.

September '23: Past is prelude, and a lollipop is what a clown gives to a child.

After submitting a grievance complaint, which listed the HR Manager as a person with whom I had a grievance, I was scheduled to meet with the CEO of my employer on the ominous day of 9/11. Although we were scheduled for thirty minutes, we concluded our virtual meeting at fifty-five minutes. After expressing my concerns regarding organizational gaslighting, weaponized incompetence, and medical negligence conducted by the OMH Clinic, I learned that the CEO, who has been employed by my employer for twenty-four years, acquired her two graduate degrees from the esteemed University of Phoenix.

Eternally: A disquiet observation of a societal sequence in the lack of integrity.

Consider me befuddled and tickled with malcontent while reflecting upon the farcical nature of my employment.

Fight or Flight?

*Be like water—
Of Divinity, you are a first daughter*

When the current slaps me silly,
I sip adaptability, and smile stealthily

Inundation is an instrument for innovation;
When the water recedes, you'll marvel at the elevation

Systemic Gaslighting: Your DOC is an OPP!

Clots in the Code

I am sitting in the waiting room of my Medicaid Clinic, being addressed by a supervisor, when I am approached by Dr. Meads. She seems unusually interested in me when she inquires if I'd like to get my blood test completed.

I have found the whole medical system to be a package of niceness, but truly more adjacent to harm than health.

As a backdrop, I should state that I sent a message on MyChart directed to Dr. Meads on September 6th. I asked if my blood type was known and, if not if I could be scheduled for a lab test, to which I did not receive a response. I sent a follow-up message on September 18th, requesting an answer to my previous inquiry. On September 19th, when called by the Nurse's Call Center, I was told that I could have my GI Doctor schedule the Lab, whom I was scheduled to meet with

virtually on September 26th. Once he sent the lab request, I scheduled the lab test for 10:30 a.m. on Thursday, September 28th.

**As I am seated in the 2nd-floor waiting room,
I recognize that all other patients match
the dominant presentation of
Latino and Hispanic people.**

On this day, I shared with medical assistant Jazzy my concerns related to systemic colorism. This woman, whom I have met twice and endearingly refer to as Rapunzel, who wears very long beautiful braids, also shares her lineage as a dark-skinned Black woman from Honduras. I tell her that my ethnicity, which I have self-selected as Latino or Hispanic, has been changed three times, to my knowledge, and twice this year.

She looks at me in disbelief, not entirely understanding why any patient details could be changed without the patient's consent, as I tell her how my self-advocacy

was received. I relay that I sent an email to Dr. Meads this past Saturday, in which I stated:

Hello:

I have observed that my ethnicity on MyChart, which I have listed as Latino or Hispanic, keeps changing.

Imma say this once: my bloodline is my bloodline. In case the question has not been asked but assumed, here are the facts: My father is Nigerian, Igbo. My mother has a father who was born in Panama, as were his parents. He is my only living grandparent. My mother's mother was born in North Carolina. That would mean that I am Afro-Latina, at the least. And yes, I am richly melanated.

Do not change my ethnicity again. Because it's giving colorismo, or discriminaci3n por el color de piel.

Respectfully, stop.

Jazzy was very empathetic because she lives this. It's not a theory or an abstract idea. It is her reality: Being the recipient of perpetual racism within an ethnic group born of a slave system, to which as a culture, we subscribe to the reproduction of racial commodification and dehumanization, in a perverse hierarchy of internalized white supremacy. When I told her that I received a call on Monday from, presumably, a white woman, for whom her concern and capacity for patient care was null, she stated, "I don't know why this was sent to us; you should call Patient Relations, at this number: 212-305-5904." Perplexed by the lack of acknowledgment or concern, when even a flight attendant would impart kind words to a drunken passenger, I replied to her rhetorical question by saying, 'I didn't know where else to express my concern.' To which, like an automated bot, she reiterated that I call the number she had provided. Upon reaching the number, I spoke to a woman who asked what I needed assistance with and, without a second to think, says, you should call Admissions. She,

too, has a number to provide me: 212-305-7091. Upon reaching Admissions, I spoke, with a presumably, Black woman who seemed to conflate nation, race, and ethnicity. I don't engage her myopic inquiries, which leads her to say that whoever schedules the appointments is prompted to re-select specific patient details. She suggested I call my Medicaid Clinic, where I have been a patient for about a decade.

Why do I feel like a mouse who has been tasked with chasing cheese?

When I call the number for my clinic, I speak with Ms. Dough. Ms. Dough informed me that she could not transfer me to my Medicaid Clinic, and asked how she could help me. I shared with her my need to have my patient details remain untampered. I specifically stated that my ethnicity is the source of my concern. Ms. Dough asked permission to access my chart, to which I consented. Upon viewing the photo on my chart, she stated: "You know what it is. Now, I am going to be honest with you. Now I am looking at your picture; whoever is changing it is thinking it is a mistake, so

they are trying to match your ethnicity to the [image].” I express that I appreciate her logic, but you cannot assume my ethnicity based on the color of my face.

I tell her that I am observing a pattern. I reflected to her that my Latina identity was challenged in person in November of 2022 when I attended a GYN clinic.

Reflection:

That whole appointment experience was deeply dysregulating, as the Midwife Nurse Practitioner outright refused to complete a pap smear because what was done every three years is now scheduled for every five years. Although a routine pap smear is indicated in MyChart as being due, she refused to complete it. She was digging for pearls in my vulva and found fibroids, but she didn't want to take a swab while she was digitally mining my uterus. This experience seemed profoundly illogical. However, she also believed using deodorant with parabens was inconsequential for her because it purportedly reduced body odor more efficiently.

Jazzy, the medical assistant who shared my contempt, after drawing my blood, walks me to the waiting room. She offered to speak with the supervisor, which was not brief. Upon returning to the waiting room, she reiterates her compassion and disbelief. Jazzy wishes me well and asserts that the supervisor is highly competent.

Curtain's Drawn:

Although Dr. Meads, who has seemed short on time in the last several doctor's visits and has abruptly ended our scheduled appointments, irrespective of my medical concerns being addressed, is seemingly without a schedule or a patient to whom to attend. In my decade of being a patient at this clinic, I have never been engaged by my provider in the waiting room, or after my appointment was completed, and without the request or need for their presence.

As she stands to the left of me, I ignore her request to take my blood. Instead, I asked if she received my

message, which I had a screenshot of on my phone, and presented it to her. She reads a bit of it and then asks for clarification, as she chose not to read the entirety of the concise message. Obliging, I tell her that I want my ethnicity to be indicated as Latina and for it to stop being changed. I then say, jokingly and with confusion, ‘I’m like, why you rolling up on me? Did you get my message!?’ She says, almost in a daze, “Oh, I don’t know why it’s been changing. I don’t know what to do about it because I don’t really go in and change it.”

My subconscious must’ve detected her insincerity as tangible because I began to remark on her gray Patagonia sweater, a brand for which I share a fondness. I observed that her credentials were embroidered on her clothing. She shared that it was from her residency, as she is now an Attending. Again, she asked if I was seeking to get labs done; she could run it. I tell her that I have already had my labs drawn.

In the decade-long history of being a patient at this Medicaid clinic, never, I repeat—never has an MD or NP drawn my blood.

As though her thoughts were in their own room, she says: “What is going on with the race thing? I don’t know... was the Supervisor [Pauline] able to answer the question?” I tell her that I am prepared to be gaslit; such is life. And Pauline is assessing what patient details are prompted when signing in for appointments. I maintain that name, date of birth, and emergency contact are inquired, on the kiosk, upon check-in, nothing else. To which Dr. Meads states, “Look—after a certain point...we have to just...”

**Dr. Meads is preaching repression in her
white Spanish-speaking skin.**

**I can feel how crooked
she wears pity in her grin.**

In agreement, I say, ‘I know, you gotta pick your fights. I get it, I get it! White skin makes it easier. But I hear you.’ She begins to contort her face to find an anchor for her contrarian and invalidating following words. “Well, in terms of, in terms of this? Of being overlooked?” she asks. A peculiar inarticulate gesticulation of facial expressions ensues as she

appears to filter her white identities: as a white Latina, as a white lesbian, and as a white woman, which was paired with me giggling as I witnessed how her white fragility pouts with indignance. “Oh, no, no, with a palatal click—Actually, I’m going to correct you on that. Because I’m Latina—and I assume you don’t know that.”

BINGO!

*I don’t know how to break it to her,
but I’m straight out of aquatic cookies
and zebra stickers.*

Boy, did she tell ME something inconceivable!

Ethnicity does not trump race.

You can’t read my bloodline on my face.

Sex does not trump gender.

Patriarchy mutates to engender.

You ever seen an OPP with a stethoscope???

**Like a peeping Tom, with you on the other end
of its telescope.**

While she is speaking, I acknowledge, before she lands a plane that should not be in my current sky view, that she undoubtedly experiences the reverse of my Latin erasure. She and I are phenotypical on either end of the racial spectrum, which does not conform to the multiracial and racial ambiguity of hegemonic Latina representation. And it really itched my left pinky toe to see her involve herself in such in a manner that violated my boundaries. For background, when she became my Primary Care Physician five years ago, she was visibly campaigning by wearing her identities as a Bilingual speaker of English and Spanish, being Brazilian and a Lesbian, as virtue signaling or badges of leftist politics—a branding to indicate that she was a safe, white-skinned person. I found that she engaged me as a patient with porous boundaries but chose to be flattered instead of bothered.

Why do I now feel a makeshift Karen, who is set on the auto self-destruct feature, in nonconsensual proximity to me, which somatically feels indescribably disconcerting?

Unenthusiastically, she accepts that she does benefit from being white. And within a shared breath, she states: “It’s a real thing, but then it’s also that we can’t even begin to get trapped in the quicksand of this whole thing with the computer.” I take the opportunity to provide her with a reading list; I show her a picture of two books that give root to my experience. ‘Have you seen these two books?’ I ask her as we read the titles from my iPhone screen: ‘*Racial Innocence*, by Tanya Kateri Hernandez, and *Translating Blackness*, by Lorgia Garcia Pena?’ I told her I would read these books, as I needed context for my feelings. She seems decided on validating my feelings when she says: “It’s a tough thing because you feel like it’s like someone else is litigating things for you without your consent or like overriding what your impression of yourself is based on their issues. Umm, it’s a really hard balance. This whole conflation of ethnicity and race and culture and race is also.” I interject by saying, ‘You know, as a queer person, I find similarities between sex, gender, and sexuality as compared to race, ethnicity, and nationality. These things are not the same; it’s so fascinating.’ I observe her thinking, “In a world of

surveys, in a world of outdated things, then you just check a box. But sometimes it's not about checking a box, or it cannot be reduced to a box, and then we're all stuck," she says with a pseudo-intellectual energy that is neither sought nor desired from my Primary Care Physician. However, I thanked her for validating my experience. She took this opportunity to state: "No, it just so happens to be the case that I have a weird phenomenon where I feel like I can understand in terms of being put in the wrong box." And since we're comparing notes, I tell her: 'I have said several times that I forget that you are Spanish; I don't know how you have received that, but I can acknowledge that.'

We then digress into people's ability to read and perceive. I use the example of phenotypes and Jewish identities, as it is very nuanced in the States, in relation to white hegemony and its mechanistic relationship to stigmatization, power, and the stratification of wealth. As an Igbo girl in Lagos in the late 90's, I read tribes in different hues who spoke in overlapping tongues. Dr. Meads, in all her brilliance, suggests that the ability to read gaydar is something similar. Gaydar? Puzzled, I

wrinkle my thought. In comparison to phenotypes, to me, seemed like horoscopes in the realm of physics. But I get it. Patterns. We are speaking pattern recognition.

For the third time, she suggested that she could draw my blood to learn my blood type if it had not been done today, as she knows I have an interest in accessing that information. I didn't correct her a second time. I thank her, and say, 'See you in November.'

This intrusion was a five-minute interaction. [Neither consented nor intended.]

I'm scanning the air because something has most certainly entered Dr. Meads. She is behaving brand new, and she is repeating herself. Thrice, she said she'd take my blood to learn my blood type, per my request, but I told her that my blood had already been drawn. I, the patient, am assessing her temperature visually. As I believe her biosphere has been

possessed, which has caused her a psychic rupture.

During my aberrant interaction with Dr. Meads, Pauline, a supervisor who had been doing her job, has noticed that I was unaccompanied. Before my auric field was unloaded with sublime chaos by Dr. Meads, Pauline, a Jamaican woman eager to acknowledge, validate, and resolve my concern, was able to reengage me. I was seated upright in my seat, with my back against the chair's backrest, and my legs were crossed, with my right leg on top of my left. As it pertained to my conversation with Ms. Dough, Pauline, while standing, emphatically apologized on her behalf. She expressed feeling bewildered that an employee would utter such words in any context. Pauline had been running around the office, trying to make sense of my complaint. Quite literally, she tested the system in the clinic to identify where and why my ethnicity was being changed. Pauline was graceful, and I felt satisfied with her attention to my stated concern. She introduced her boss, who is also an unquestionably melanated woman, Jamela. She approached with a keen curiosity and a

prompt readiness to understand my experience with any unknown moving parts that informed how and why my patient details were being changed without my consent.

As I am retelling the sequence of events to Jamela, who is also standing, I state that I have not submitted my blood to ancestry.com, and whoever is impersonating the personification of a DNA analysis ought to cut it out. I inquired if there is a protocol around altering patient details in MyChart, as I'd appreciate not having my identity regulated. I was forthcoming in acknowledging that identity is fluid. In the last decade, I used to identify as Non-Binary, but I prefer the accuracy of Gender Non-Conforming; I also listed my religion as Jewish when I was in the process of conversion, but because my faith is syncretistic and expansive, I identify as Spiritual. And most proudly, I had an entirely different legal name four years ago. However, I cannot change my ancestor, whose blood was given to me from the womb, which bore me life. Correspondingly, I cannot change my XX chromosomes or my profoundly abundant and golden

melanin skin. There are aspects of identity that are invariable; and others, that are mutable and unfixed.

A complete two minutes have not passed, when Dr. Meads meanders her uninvited self back into my weeds of business.

“And also, so just because I’m in the vicinity doing something else, but I’m like oh, hey, well. I just wanted to know was there a role, where I should? Is there like a phone call I should have made. Is there something...” before Dr. Meads could fully reinsert her challenged Latina ego identity into this conversation, I interrupted her. Mustering grace out of disorientation, I stated, while speaking over her: ‘Negative, negative, negative. Negative. Because like this, you don’t. You don’t schedule appointments; you don’t go into my patient details’ section. This has nothing to do with you. I just messaged you because I know that the Nurse’s Call Center gets every, every single correspondence I send. So, I was just hoping somebody would reach out and respond. Which is what happened on Monday.’

Jamela and Pauline are crystal clear that this is a systems issue that requires a systemic resolution. They are assured that their objective is to eliminate the replication of my experience system-wide at New York Presbyterian Hospital. These two, sound of mind, carbon women have the medicine of due diligence, but Dr. Meads, now seated to the right of me, emits parasitic energy.

With gluttonous entitlement and assumed superiority of knowledge, Dr. Meads projects the following words into our ear chambers: “It’s also the kind of thing, just this last comment I’ll make before I excuse myself. It might be worthwhile to think about... because, again, I don’t have the patient demographic details like the Doctors... We don’t really go and change it, but not to take away from you personally. But in general, like how the system deals with like checking multiple categories of one’s... or having like interacting categories.” She begins posing inert questions about what the selections are, and does it, essentially, allow for intersecting identities. I knew I was in an adjacent feature short film, inspired by *Get Out*, when she said, “That might

be also the problem, because sometimes it gets into...just because of my like data science stuff. I'm wondering if it like actually has a really dumb, stupid like data entry reason when someone checks and doesn't allow for like multiple categories. That would be a huge problem because people fall into multiple categories.'

**Does a Turtle lay an egg? Can it walk or swim?
What is an amphibian?**

Jamela and Pauline, while respecting the hierarchy of insolence, entertain the elementary thinking of Dr. Meads. We, three undeniably Black women, have generations of collective and structural trauma that is weighing on our psyches as we pontificate and euphemize the mammoth of truth. Analogous to women on a different plantation, in a different temporal location, we play along with the fabrication. I am steadfast in my assertion that my ethnicity keeps being changed. However, the genius Dr. Meads insists that although I have needed to correct my ethnicity twice in the past four months, it actually doesn't save

in the Electronic Medical Record. With absolute certainty, Dr. Meads contends, “It’s probably not changing. You change it in [MyChart]; it doesn’t always change the EMR when we see it. Like when you ask for meds to be removed from the list...” At this point, I’m stuttering because I know I am being spiritually assaulted, but my assailant was once, now inconceivable, a trusted medical provider.

**Many of us play on the phone,
but don’t be on the phone.
Be talking with no reception
because a rehearsal in make believe
makes you believe.**

I repeat in a fragile dissociative state: “I am just a patient; I am just a patient. I don’t know like it, sometimes it sticks and then it changes. And nothing else [changes]. Again, none of my other identities change, right? So that’s right! That’s what makes this so unique [a] matter. It’s specifically the ethnicity. So regardless of the data science approach, this is feeling like **colorism**, right?” Again, Jamela and Pauline are

square on the circle that holds the body of truth. We, three Black women, know what time it is. Intended to be my last words on this matter, I say: ‘Yo hablo no espanol, but it’s in my blood. That’s all.’

Dr. Meads was seated with her legs spread open, like a dude... airing out her phantom testicles, as her face was full of scrutiny and doubt. I knew what sat beside me bled clots, as I do with a womb... but I felt the endogenous presence of white patriarchy in her brow.

There is nothing else to be stated.

“No, no. Also, to be fair, like you are not the only one, like we have a lot of... it’s a systems’ [issue]. I don’t mean to, like you’re my patient, so I care about you specifically. But I am also trying to undo my bias about knowing you personally. And thinking more general about the patient population. There’s a lot of..., people that are Latina are all colors.” To which I reminded her, at the top of this Black Mirror episode, ‘Like, which is

why I said COLORISM because it is. It is, right!? We talked about phenotype matching [hegemonic prescriptions of a socially constructed] identity. Right?’ The talker kept talking, “It’s just something that at a structural level the system....” said the highly original systems thinker, Dr. Meads. At this point, I’m tired because this Doctor is intellectually and spiritually plastered by the asininity of her hubris. ‘It’s just a conversation about awareness, and don’t change people’s patient details. Just don’t do it, that’s all,’ I say, in the closing of whatever Beetlejuice convolution I am seated in.

**There’s an unspoken equation that riddles
have yet to solve: if I am a poor, dark-skinned
Black and disabled lesbian, how do I reduce
my encounters with condescension and
structural violence when engaging with the
medical system, and increase access to
compassion and the likelihood of my
humanity being perceivable in the
eyes of overworked, miseducated, and
managerial slaves?**

*You would think that I, the patient, and a seemingly unwell, Dr. Meads were at a United Nations Convention debating a dilemma that **only** Dr. Meads is privy to. Because Jamela, Pauline, and I, we're on a beach during vacation, in our Global Majority imagination, wondering why this white mosquito, probably engineered by Dr. Bill Gates, is sucking us the fuck dry right now!*

Jamela, the head boss, and Pauline verbalize that this may be happening to other people in this clinic, and other clinics within NYP, who have not voiced it. They inquired where I scheduled my appointments, to which I stated I called the Nurse's Call Center. These women were, obviously, engaged in a process of elimination to identify who has access to patient details and the ability to change that information. I thanked them both for their responsiveness and validation.

And then, this crossdressing shapeshifting entity that is Dr. Meads says, with the mouth on her face, "You have more trust in systems." I correct her and state: 'No. I am Black, and I have learned to talk [to the

system].’ She is breathing, and consequential, I must hear her because I am her patient. She seems deranged, as she is now implying that she believes it is futile to engage in self-advocacy, as “there is always a clown who can click something.” I giggle at the idiocy of the violence she chose to embody. I retort, ‘I believe in accountability, right?’ This waterless horse is in some kind of trance. She is foaming at the mouth, as far as I can discern. I simply echo the reason for me being seated in the waiting room: ‘No. I get you, and yeah. Systems. No, no, I get it. I get systems, but it requires the advocacy of people to make the system aware of itself. So, I’m hoping that this plays into what **YOU** perceive as the solution.’

I walked into my Medicaid Clinic as a polite monkey, but Dr. Meads did everything a dark magician could to conjure a show out of a gorilla. Folks don’t fight the prison guard of their psyche; they feed it. Because if the beams supporting the colony of her mind were to collapse, Dr. Meads would be unable to reconcile with the hallucination of her ego.

My psyche understood the attack. As such, I proceeded to ask her to share her Astrological Sun Sign. Appropriately, yet ironically, she was unwilling to provide that information. However, I speculated that she was of either an earth or air element. Because she was neither grounded nor stable at her believed altitude. I feel confident she has a heavy Gemini placement in her chart and a touch of Taurus, because that would support how her motherboard was hijacked as Doctor Smart.

And alas, the end is nigh. In the most apparently patronizing, hypocritically caring way, Dr. Meads tells me not to obsess over MyChart. She wouldn't want me to develop an ulcer, as she knows from firsthand experience, how unpleasant it is to live with an ulcer.

I am keenly aware that shots have been fired. I reckon this onslaught of reversed psychological ballistics is the beloved and virulent kin of cognitive dissonance. In other terminology, it is called implicit bias, or microaggressions. Dr. Meads has demonstrated that it is, in fact, the strategic employment of tactical ignorance. Which she

targeted at my psyche to sustain her delusionality in assumed dominance, with no intent of retreat.

Jamela and Pauline, both acknowledged me and expressed appreciation for meeting me, and stated their intention to reach out in the future.

All four women head their separate ways. As I proceeded to exit the clinic, Dr. Meads, who had transformed into an apparition, recapitulated her pretense of nurturance while waving goodbye to me from the opposite end of the waiting room.

End Scene.

Akin to a deer, who missed the jaws of the lion that sought to devour it, I am seeped in cortisol and endorphins. Humor is my psychological adaptation of adrenaline. It's how I brace for impact—preparing myself for survival, as I have learned to do all my life.

Twenty-four hours later, I began to perform a Metaphysical Autopsy.

These are my findings:

Doctors, I've known incompetence in every shade. But this has been the intersectional jackpot. This twilight encounter with systemic racism, elucidates how critical a racial equity analysis is for medicine. You see, I went in for stitches and now need a brace. Just because some unknown clog in the machine of structural racism rendered my ethnicity inconsistent with the color of my face. Living with Complex Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder means I must remind myself that I am not the main character in anyone's story but my own because a wounded soul is sensitive and prone to emotional injury and its bodily manifestation; like a person living with an autoimmune disease who is perpetually sick.

A Painted Patient Picture:

I live with Bipolar Disorder and CPTSD. I have been seeking sobriety for three years and am in a good place

with my recovery. I am, at present, sober from all chemicals, including caffeine. The only things I keep lit are my incense and candles.

August 11th 2023 @ 1 p.m.

The last appointment I had with Dr. Meads.

I am seated in the medical room, awaiting Dr. Meads to be seen for my appointment. She knocks, and upon entering, I say, ‘Hola,’ and she responds, “Hello.” And without making eye contact, she motions for her chair, as she says: “Is the picture of you [on MyChart], **YOU?**” I giggle and state: ‘Yeah, I swear I be shapeshifting. Because people be like who are you?’ She persists, “No. Did you see the picture that is on there?” I clearly know the picture I uploaded to MyChart. Who else would upload a photo on my account in MyChart! In an attempt to clear the air of absurdity, I ask, ‘How you doing, Dr. Meads?’ She responds, with a flustered face, “I’m good! I was like, am I having a stroke?” This exchange occurred in the first twenty-five seconds of my scheduled appointment with my PCP of five years.

Like a forensic detective who can inspect their psyche for evidence to support the spiritual crime they intend to indict, I seek to build a case for comprehension. When red flags were camouflaged as confetti in your psyche, you won't fathom how unsightly that which is shiny becomes grimy.

A short evidence list:

- While you are unclothed, Dr. Meads, with your feet in stirrups, as she is applying purple latex gloves on, looks you dead in your face and says: "Happy Pride." I don't even do gay culture anymore. Twenty years of truth, my flags are in a bin because my identity lies within. Naturally, this precipitated a prolonged period of emotional and psychological distress, as I am a survivor of various forms, of what encapsulates, sexual abuse and boundary violations.
- You are in an appointment and learn that you weigh 271 lbs. You are feeling like this is an escalating health crisis. However,

your astute PCP, Dr. Meads, with her skinny-bodied, audacious wokeism, suggests you should work on your fatphobia. Imagine a white person arguing that your racialized trauma from a myriad of intersectional oppressive interactions with innumerable systems that perpetuate colorism is rooted in **your** internalized racism.

- When it is suspected that you have endometriosis, as you went to the ER twice in one day for the most excruciating pain you have ever experienced in your body, Dr. Meads suggests you take estrogen and progesterone. You immediately state that her suggestion is not viable, as a mood disorder, elevated A1C, and clinical obesity are contraindicated for a hormonal treatment approach. She does not offer alternative options, and she treats Flexeril, a muscle relaxant, as though it were a controlled substance in the family of Percocet. Lastly, she does not refer you to a Gynecologist MD or respond to your request for said referral to be made.
- Your Functional Medicine Doctor, one of the three Doctors you have been treated by, at NYP, who are named after the Hindu

Lord Krishna, does the oddest thing, prior to September 28th, 2023. You send her a reasonable accommodation form from your employer to fill out on your behalf. She responds to your MyChart message and states:

Zisa,

It looks like you can go ahead and complete the form... the last part of the form states they will contact us if they need clarification/verification. I am happy to provide my stamp of approval if they reach out. There is a note at the end that says supporting documentation will be needed to properly evaluate the request... so maybe I can send you a separate letter if you want to submit that? LMK your thoughts.

I communicate my frustration to Dr. Meads, who responds with: “Clearly, clearly what happened is... if she sent that to you and said that you can describe in your own words what’s going on and then put [her] info on. It means she trusts you not to abuse the system.” I stare at her, aghast. Due to my experience of requiring Doctors to sign off on FMLA and Reasonable

Accommodation documents, I had requested that she complete it. I gave details to support why I sought the accommodation, and having neither her phone number, email address, or NPI number—this felt negligent. Interestingly, I was on a quarterly schedule to meet with this Functional Medicine Doctor. This Doctor invited me to reach out between appointments if I needed holistic resources; however, upon doing so, she responded to my request for a sooner appointment to be scheduled by asking if I could wait five weeks until the planned quarterly appointment, nor did she ask what prompted my request for a sooner appointment. However, at that quarterly appointment, I stated that her politeness was insincere. And this Functional Medicine Doctor's pattern of engaging in a semantically rhetorical jest of answering a medical request with a dismissive question, thereby not attending to the medical need, became fully apparent. Nonetheless, she never scheduled me to be seen by her after that.

While at the Schomburg Center, in the summer of 2022, I purchased the book Medical Apartheid, written by Harriet Washington. Candidly, I am scared to have a greater historical foundation for the beast we call the Industrial Medical Complex.

It is Friday, September 29th, and the time is 11:45 p.m. I am pacing back and forth in my tiny studio apartment, phone in hand, dictating my ordeal of viscerally knowing the KKK's attire has morphed into the respectable Doctor's coat. And the color—frequency—of the mind cannot be discerned by the skin worn. Safety—a fantasy, a desperate prayer, a thing to channel, seems to drift out of the grasp of my mental framework.

I'd be remiss if I did not admit that I am somatically warped by the boomerang of incessant dehumanization—listless in a spiral of activation.

Review of the Crime Scene:

As though my ancestors are sitting on a porch, decoding the nefarious encounter with Dr. Meads, through the vehicle of my inner dialogue: I am instructed to wring the density and pathology of Dr. Meads' disembodied shadow from her attempted thrust upon me.

The blood was speaking in the waiting room.

If Dr. Meads and I, who are both Latina and are imperceivable as Latina because we are, unambiguously and phenotypically, European, and African in appearance, did fate craft a ring in which we sparred in a battle that dwells within the mitochondria of our cells? Did the unrestrained longing for conquer permeate her white vessel? Was I charged with summoning the agility of a melanated being who knows it is hunted and desired for harvesting?

Between the August 11th appointment and the September 28th Latina Ghostbusting episode, Dr. Meads learned two things about me that she had not known prior: 1. That I am an alumna of Smith College, and 2. Within four days of applying to a Master's in Science Graduate program, I was accepted and admitted.

I surmise that even a false king knows the righteousness of a peasant in their presence. And in its falsity, unworthy power becomes possessed. I am the firefly who does not see its light until someone tries to bottle me in their night.

After seventeen years of being intimate with women, all of whom had nails, this last one seemed to have claws. I've been celibate since; however, the previous four times in the past two years of my celibacy, in which my vulva has been accessed, has been through the medical system.

As a Childhood Sexual Abuse survivor, I am becoming acquainted with the peripheral textures of

retraumatization. I am mortified to know that Dr. Meads has been infected with an undetectable intellectual, and spiritually resistant, strain of rabies, and has, unwittingly, had consented access to **ME**: my body, my thoughts, my trust, and my vulnerability.

*I don't know the bridge back from this—I am
fully activated!*

Dr. Meads thought me a pond, to which she could bait an alligator for some leather shoes, I suppose. She crowned herself the gatekeeper of Latina identity and seemed to respond like a bugged code, that could not perceive nuance—just 1's and 0's. **I am Pi**. Your belief system is a lackluster lie.

The unmitigated gall of Dr. Meads tickles me. Between Jamela, Pauline, and I, we were not only her elders in chronology and spirit but in ancestry. Despite this actuality, with her white Latina skin, who has a notion of data science, seemed to be illiterate to the impact of her unprofessionalism; as a qualitative illustration of her embodiment, she became an algorithm that was

programmed to invalidate, enrage, demoralize, and disempower—**with authority.**

We are living in color, within a racially demarcated caste system in these almighty capitalist industries of structural oppression and exploitation. The metrics embedded in the medical system resemble those of a warehouse line worker. I allege that Dr. Meads mishandled me as a product. Through her corrupted mental software, Dr. Meads displayed an allegiance with the perpetuation of erasure and the stigmatization of truth and transparency that permits systemic violence to be most willful.

To Jamela and Pauline, two Black women in managerial positions at their place of employment, who respectfully, professionally, empathetically, and intelligently addressed my patient concerns while being transgressed by Dr. Meads, I have a single request:

As it pertains to Dr. Meads, who was inexplicably invested in my Latina identity within the NYP MyChart system, I do not believe a DEI training would be sufficient to rectify how egregiously disturbing this encounter was for me—the patient. I think what is most appropriate would be a professional performance psychological evaluation. As a dually Certified Peer Advocate, in New York State, with six years of experience working with clients who have sought mental health support, it is my professional and personal belief that Dr. Meads is unwell.

With Dr. Meads working in the capacity of an Attending at this Medicaid Clinic, I am profoundly concerned about the collective emotional and medical health of the patients to whom she provides care. Unequivocally, Dr. Meads is categorically problematic. Therefore, I request a transfer to Nurse Practitioner Star. As a safety measure, it is imperative that access to my medical records be barred for Dr. Meads, forthwith.

As I sit in reverie, I am indebted to whoever reclassified my ethnicity, as I would not have known the degree to which my life was in jeopardy. Because, like a forensic accountant, the math is finally matching why Dr. Meads' energy felt unsettling to my spirit.

Metaphysically speaking, I am in God's Study Hall, taking the bar exam for divinity. I had pixie dust, and Dr. Meads, hate-swirled lust. If you can laugh, you can live. No fiction in my diction, no Kool-Aid in my cup. When the pet is a threat, and no longer a pup.

***So be it;
God's Writ.***

